The FRIGHT of lard manufacturers at the Wonderful Success of COTTOLENE is one of the strong evidences of its value to housekeepers. The REASON of this success is that COTTOLENE is a BETTER shortening for ALL cooking purposes than has EVER before been produced, and has NONE of the objectionable features indispensably connected with lard. The HONEST MERIT of COTTOLENE explains its success. Imitations but certify the value of the genuine, made only by

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SCENIC ROUTE.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.
ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO RICHMOND, VA.

LYNCHBURG, August 23, 1893.
Trains arrive and depart from Union Station, Lynchburg, Va.

TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI.

	Daily.
Lv. Lynchburg	3:10 p. m.
Ar. Lexington, Va	5:45 "
Lv. Buchanan	5:14 "
Ar. Clifton Forge	6:45 "
Ar. Cincinnati	7:55 a. m.
Ar. Louisville	11:57 "
Ar. Chicago	4:56 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis	7:15 "
Ar. Kansas City	7:00 a. m.

World's Fair Special, Solid Vestibule, Electric Lighted through Clifton Forge to Chicago.

TRAINS FOR RICHMOND, VA.

	Daily
Lv. Lynchburg	12:20 M.
Ar. Richmond	6:10 P M.

For further information as to rates, routes, tickets, etc., address,
R. H. PANNILL,
Ticket and Passenger Agent, 814½ Main street Lynchburg, Va.
JNO. D. POTTS,
Division Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

N. & W. R. R. Norfolk and Western R.R

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 3, 1893

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.
8:00 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol and beyond. Stops only at Christianeburg and Radford, also at principal stations west of Radford. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis Dining car attached
8:10 a. m. for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton
4:35 P. M. THE CHICAGO EXPRESS for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Norfolk to Chicago without change.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY
9:45 a. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.
9:45 a. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.
1:35 a. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
12:45 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and New York via Harrisburg. Stops only at principle stations.
Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily 7:10 a. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.
Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke Union station) daily 9:55 a. m. for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.
For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL,
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

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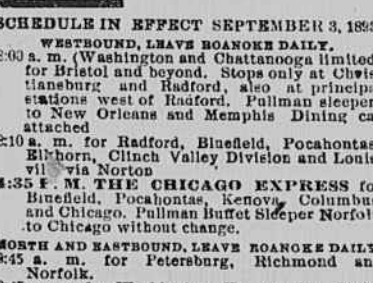

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IN A STRANGE LAND.

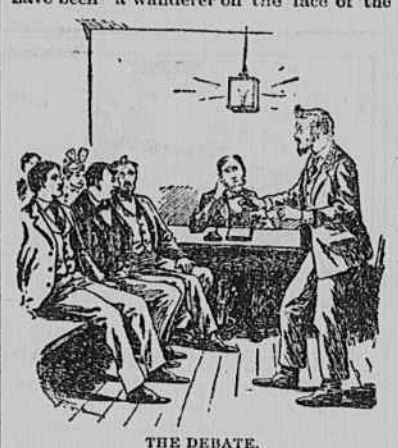
LOST IN THE HEART OF ARKANSAS WILDS.

Where the Details of Modern Refinement Are Unknown, Yet Hospitality Is Perennial—Back Country Life as Found In an Old State—The Local Debate.

[Special Correspondence.]

SHERIDAN, Ark., Oct ..—I am lost in the heart of Arkansas—lost in the heart of a vast, vague swamp country, where slaves fled for refuge in the days "befo' the wah"—lost to the minuter details of modern refinement, but not lost to a hospitality broad, splendid, perennial.

It so happened in my wanderings—and I have been "a wanderer on the face of the



THE DEBATE.

earth" for, oh, so many years I hate to look back on them—that I came to this village. My coming will live in my memory till

The sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

I left Malvern—the town where you take the Diamond Jo railway for Hot Springs. I left there, I say, on horseback. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and there was a trip of 30 miles before me, but I galloped gayly off over a sandy road, past rueful swamps, under magnolias whose blossoms seemed as big and bright as a Roman moon, while cypresses lifted themselves out of sullen and silent pools on either hand and rasped me with the swish of their long, gray, ghastly Spanish mosses as I went my way.

Cabins were kicked behind my horse as I fled on—cabins of blacks, cabins of "po' white trash"—and the inmates thronged to their thresholds as I passed. Dirty, dishevel ed were they always, with plenty of brats and brutal hounds; always unkempt hair and bare feet—always.

On, on, on, I flew. A flash that splintered the sky and sent a myriad mockbirds fluttering by; then a roar of Titan drums!

Sheets of rain, through which rivers of lightning swept and trickled and curved!

Backwood Hospitality.

I halted my horse in front of a large old frame house, back of which spread a field of cotton. On the gallery—as they call a porch out here—was a gray old man in his bare feet.

"Stranger," I called, "can I stay here to-night?"

"Mother, this chap wants to stop by," he called to some unseen person inside.

"Jack, you!" I heard a directing agent in the interior region, "take the hoss an put on yer perlitest."

Jack appeared—a tall, slouchy youth, with a very good face, and one that possessed strong touches of character withal.

"Take a seat, mister," said the old man. "Supper is erbout ready."

He had a wife and at least 11 children, all of whom came out in their bare feet and viewed me as though I were a freak just out of a side show.

The old woman went back and presently called out:

"Kim to supper, ef you uns all is a-kimmen."

The mistress of the mansion sat at the head of a table on which were big hunks of bacon swimming in grease, a 15 by 20 inch slice of corn pone, a lot of "greens" and plenty of buttermilk.

"Grab fer yerselves," said the old lady. "I'm too pow'ful weak to wait on you uns."

"Stranger," she went on, "whar you uns from?"

"Originally from Ohio."

"Whar you uns gwine?"

"Sheridan."

Next morning the storm was over, the sky was clear, and I proffered a fee for my entertainment.

"What do you uns take we uns fer?" queried the old woman wrathfully. "We uns don't keep er hotel," and not a cent would she take.

Thanking the family kindly, I mounted my horse and went on.

I presume I had proceeded seven miles when a fresh storm came up. The rain began to descend in torrents, and I came to a creek that had been swollen into a river by the storm of the day before. However, I plunged in, but my horse lost its footing, and the first thing I knew I was floating round regardless in the muddy waves. I managed to catch hold of the bridle of the horse and was soon landed on terra firma. The lightning dazzled; the thunder cracked; the rain poured; the wind howled. Great branches came tearing off the trees. My horse kicked, pranced, cavorted in fright as I rode into this dismal town.

A Question For Debate.

Sheridan is a representative Arkansas town. I mean an interior town.

It is 30 miles from anywhere. Trees grow in the middle of the one main street. The few tradesmen lock their store doors in the middle of the day and go fishing, hunting and swimming. A silence as awful as the end of the world prevails.

The village organized a debating club during my stay here, and the first question that came under consideration was:

Resolved, That Washington deserves more credit for preserving America than Columbus for discovering it.

After the defender of Columbus had spoken, the champion of Washington took the floor and a chew of tobacco.

"Mr. Cheerman, ladies and gents," he began, "I am heer tonight as a defender of Gineral George Washin'ton, Eesquire. Mr. Cheerman, ladies and gents"— He paused, took his barlow knife out of his pocket, cut off a fresh plug of tobacco, and began again: "Mr. Cheerman, ladies and gents, I am heer tonight as a defender of Gineral George Washin'ton, Eesquire. Now, Washin'ton wuzn't no slouch. He wuzn't no sardine. He wuzn't"——

But I felt like running out and rolling on the grass outside. I knew if I staid a moment longer I would give way to my mirth, for the manner of the speaker showed that he was as serious as St. Alenz at the baptism of the child Chrystophus.

They have no politics here. Party differences are all religious and are far more bitter than anything I ever met up with between Republicans and Democrats.

WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

A RISING POET.

Owes His First Steps to Fame to Mr. Charles A. Dana.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. ..—In the summer of 1892 General D. P. Stanley of the United States army, a warm personal friend of Mr. Charles A. Dana, called upon the distinguished editor and with something of pride, as though he had made a discovery which was of importance, he showed Mr. Dana four short poems and awaited with interest the editor's reading of them.

General Stanley's opinion was that of the best critics we have concerning Mr. Dana's capacity accurately to judge of poetic verse, and the general was therefore rejoiced when Mr. Dana laid down the manuscript of the first poem and said in a most emphatic way, "That is good," and then reading the second poem he said, "Very good indeed," and those favorable comments he repeated as he finished reading the other two. Then turning to General Stanley he said: "Those are good, very good. I will take them, and you may tell your friend that we are prepared to take here as many poems having such merit as these as he will send."

The following Sunday there appeared an unusual thing in that issue of The Sun, for the column of poetry contained four original poems with the name of the poet subscribed, a fact which of itself most forcibly emphasized Mr. Dana's judgment of them. But in addition to the printing of these poems there was even more conspicuous indorsement, for in a leading editorial that paper called attention to the poetry and spoke with most complimentary reference to this new poet whose work contained sincerity, much skill of prosody and breathed the atmosphere of the mountains and that distinctively American community in which he lived—Colorado.

Since that time the poems of this new writer, Cy Warman, have been made familiar to the American people by many publications, and he is very rapidly gaining such esteem as will, if his work continues as meritorious as it has been, place him in the galaxy of which Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley are now the most brilliant stars. Mr. Dana's opinion is that he is already of that galaxy, and only the time which is necessary to maintain a reputation will be needed for universal acknowlment of his rank.

Mr. Warman is well fitted by experience as well as by native talent for his share in this splendid work. He is of the prairies of the west, and is familiar with the tonic of the Colorado uplands, and has been in-

CY WARMAN.

spired by the superb scenery of that state. He was born in southern Illinois, his father's farm being a homestead which the elder Warman had taken up after his service in the Mexican war. There in his childhood he lived amid those rude surroundings which characterized the early settlers of the far west. There was not much chance for culture, but there was such freedom as developed rather than dwarfed originality of mind.

When a lad, Warman attended a log schoolhouse wherein the seats were made of split slabs and the desks fashioned from the same stuff, and it was while he was a little fellow that he surprised his teacher and his mates by reading an original poem which he called "The Last Day of School." Young Warman was bred for a farmer, and when he was just about of age, having sav $1,000, he was tempted into the field speculation and had dreams of becomi, an operator in wheat. An experience two weeks shattered the ambition and di sipated his fortune, and then he turned hi face to the west. In Colorado, first as workman in the smelter works and after ward in the railway shops at Salida, h spent some years, and having been fascinated by what he had seen of the life of a locomotive engineer he served for a time as fireman and afterward became an engineer upon the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, his run being for the greater part through the most majestic region of Colorado.

Very severe exposure brought on an attack of sciatic rheumatism, which compelled Mr. Warman to give up his vocation, and perhaps partly to that we owe this promising force in later American literature. He had, while running his engine, written a poem which was published in an engineers' newspaper called The Double Header, and which was widely copied. He went into journalism, publishing a railway paper called The Frog, and afterward a daily paper at Creede—the Creede Chronicle—in which he is now interested.

One of the poems which was very widely copied appeared in that paper, one stanza of which is as follows:

While the world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed,
It's day all day in the daytime—
There is no night in Creede.

Another poem widely copied was written upon the occasion of his first visit to New York and was suggested by an incident which he saw near Delmonico's famous place:

All rank and thick the thistles stand
To choke the springing corn.
Vice plucks the rose with reddened hand,
While virtue gets the thorn.

He had seen two tired out shopgirls walking home to save car fare while a woman splendidly dressed, but whose appearance suggested a life of evil associations, passed them upon the sidewalk and entered a carriage, whose coachman and driver were in livery, and drove away.

One of his poems is as refreshing as a mountain flower, one stanza of which reads:

God is good to make the mountains,
The valleys and the hills,
Put the rose upon the cactus,
And the ripple on the rills.

Mr. Warman wrote one poem which is now, it is safe to say, familiar to almost every railway engineer in the land, one stanza of which is as follows:

'Twould be sweet to know when we're laid to rest,
With our hands folded silently over our breast,
That a woman would come to our grave once a year,
Bringing wreaths of flowers—that a woman's tears
Would dampen the dust on the graves of those
Who have lived and died in their overclothes.

E. J. EDWARDS.

TRACING ONE'S ANCESTRY.

Genealogy Appears to Be a One Sided and Partial Thing.

A conversation among a group of people the other day, all of whom were of good New England families, brought out some curious admissions. Only one of the party could trace his descent, in the line of mothers, farther than to his grandmother, though several could trace it very much farther in the paternal line, and even in what they called the "maternal line," which meant of course the mother's father's family. All present could tell the maiden name of their mother's mother, but only one could tell the maiden name of her mother. Of course many in New England among those genealogically careful people who can tell you the names of all their 16 great great grandfathers and grandmothers can do this, but these are comparatively few. And those who cannot carry back the line of mothers more than three generations include the representatives of some of the most aristocratic families in New England, whose line of paternal descent is unbroken to the settlement and beyond.

Let us think for a moment what this question involves. Suppose you write down your own name. Then write down on one line just above it the names of your father and mother—the father's name first on the left, the mother's second on the right. You perceive that these two people had an equal interest in your being. There is at least a chance that you are like your mother in important physical and mental respects.

Now, set down on a line above these two names the names of your grandfathers and grandmothers, beginning with your father's father and ending with your mother's mother. These two couples again had as much interest in your father and your mother as your father and mother had in you, and there is in you as much of your mother's mother as there is of your father's father. Now above this line write down the names of your eight grandparents—which you should surely be able to do if you are a Yankee. Each one of these eight had an equal interest in you. Now you perceive that you have a pyramid standing on its apex. You are the apex. The left hand edge of it is your line of fathers, and on the right hand of it is your line of mothers.

In all likelihood you derive rather more of your characteristics from the right hand edge of the pyramid than you do from the left and while in all probability, if you are from a good New England family, you can go on stretching out the left hand edge of the inverted pyramid you cannot go on with the right hand edge any farther, and this means that your genealogy is a one sided and partial thing.—Boston Transcript.

He Rode the Broncho.

Some one at the hotel told the fat man, who had a week's holiday, that horseback riding was the finest exercise in the world for reducing the flesh, so the gentleman with the surplus tissue rented a horse for a week—a tough, wiry buckskin broncho—and started in.

Every morning at 9 o'clock precisely he mounted his steed in front of the hotel, but no one ever saw him come back. He was never at midday dinner, but he appeared at the supper table, always looking worn out and dejected.

"How are you making out?" asked his adviser one night.

"Oh, pretty fair. Lost 20 pounds."

"That's good. Keep it up and you'll have a shape like the Apollo Belvidere."

"Can't keep it up. That's the trouble. I never was much at walking, or running either, for that matter."

"Walking? You don't need to walk when you go riding."

Then the storm burst.

"Walking! I guess you never rode a bronco, did you? Well, you want to try that one, and you'll learn something. The first day I went out on him he carried me as far as the bridge in the woods. Then he dumped me off in the mud. I chased him two miles, then I gave it up and walked home. The next day he took me half a mile further before he set me down. I went to the stable and kicked about it. The man asked me if I went riding for my health. I told him yes. He said that was just the horse I wanted and that he kept him specially for that purpose. Seventeen fat men had offered to buy him, but he wanted to be generous and give every one a chance.

He leaned his head on his hand wearily.

"I'll have to give it up, I guess. Here I've been crawling in the back door of this hotel for four days. It has cost me $1 a day to have my clothes cleaned, and it'll take me a year to recuperate. It's no use. I'm willing to stay fat if them blisters on my feet will only let up. Come inside and let me spend my last night in wild hilarity.—New York Herald.

One Way to See a Sun Spot.

The shutters of the observer's house happened to be closed, and through a tiny hole near the top of them a beam of sunlight found its way to the floor. There it left an image, clear and round, tinged at the circumference with a fringe of blue and orange. The whole appearance of the beam as projected reminded the spectator of the image of the sun taken on paper through a telescope, and he got a sheet of white note paper in order to test his surmise. The result confirmed it. A beautiful round image of the sun fell on the paper, and near the center thereof could be seen a bluish spot, which moved about with the image whenever the paper was shifted. The bluish colored object was a veritable sun spot, and the observer watched it by the simple means described for several days until the revolution of the sun had carried it out of sight.—Boston Herald.

Her Fears Aroused.

Mrs. Flyabout—Weren't you awfully afraid that Sunday night you had that little card party and it thundered and lightened so?

Mrs. Gofrequent—Indeed I was. I told the girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.—Chicago Tribune.

FALL AND WINTER
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A CARD TO THE LADIES:

We thank the Ladies' for their many favors during the past and trust they will honor us with their presence at this, our Fall Opening of 1893. Do not forget the dates.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
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Respestfully,
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